

THE
DEBATER



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

SODA

CANDY

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The W. H. S. Debater

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Vol. 1

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No. 1

When The Clock Struck Twelve

BY EMILY PRESTON

JIT was midnight, that still, mysterious hour when one day, weary with its toil, makes way for another. Intense silence, utter darkness, had fallen upon the little farm-house on the hill. Even the clock, as if aware of some impending evil, had hushed its incessant ticking and fairly quivered with anxiety and suspense. Outside, the wind moaned and sighed, then, finding no response to its wail, howled furiously around the house in an ugly temper. Still all was quiet within, save for an occasional piece of soot, which the malicious wind hurled down the chimney, and which fell upon the hearth with a little cry of remonstrance.

Suddenly there was a creak from the direction of the hall! At once the clock in the living-room stiffened, but all efforts to be calm and cool were in vain, for into the room glided a tall, white figure too startling, too ghost-like, to be viewed without terror. Its face was very pale, but its eyes glittered with a wild light. It was clothed from head to foot in a loose, white garment perfectly in keeping with its silent, mysterious motions. It swayed to and fro, waving its long, thin arms, as if to cast a spell over the room with its unhappy inmates. Faster and faster, wilder and yet more unearthly, grew the movements of this strange being, until the clock was fairly dizzy from watching it whirl round and round the room.

Oh! What was that? A hollow laugh exceedingly suggestive of the gloating triumph of one about to torture its victim! Cold shivers ran down the clock's spine, but soon discomforts were forgotten in the fascination of the scene that followed. With evil satisfaction the strange visitor created a confusion unparalleled in the history of the household.

The rugs on the floor were rolled up and placed on end in the corners of the room, while the dainty muslin curtains at the windows were roughly seized and spread upon the floor. All the leaves and blossoms from the plants in the room were stripped off and thrown into the old-fashioned iron kettle which hung in the fire-place. A fire of marvelous construction was carefully laid underneath the kettle. At the very bottom was placed the beautiful lace shawl which had by chance been left over the back of grandmother's chair. Next was thrown on promiscuously photographs, newspapers and letters. An open umbrella was thrust, point downward, into the pile, and in this convenient receptacle was built a tower of books, but for some reason, as mysterious as the whole proceeding, the destruction of this valuable collection was delayed. Chairs were over-turned and formed into little pens where was placed all the bric-a-brac collected from the mantel and table. The centre table itself was set with its top against the floor, and the cushions were piled between the legs. The doors of the cabinet were flung wide open, and tea-cups removed only to be hung helplessly on the upturned legs of the table.

During this activity there was intense silence, but the air was charged with excitement to such a degree that the clock felt its head almost ready to burst with repressed emotion.

Why did this fiend deliberately continue his wickedness when the white moon came from her hiding-place behind the clouds, with disapproval plainly written on her face? Why such a frenzy for destruction? What need-- Suddenly the thoughts of the clock were checked, a chilling numbness crept over it, for as if divining opposi-

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tion, the intruder gazed threateningly upon the poor clock, which shrank back in terror. After a second or two, however, a ball of twine which was lying beside the clock and which had until now escaped notice, must have suggested more mischief, for the fiend seized it with avidity.

What happened in the next few minutes, the clock was too overcome to know, but when it regained consciousness, it saw a complicated system of twine wires strung from the table-legs to all parts of the room, a close net-work around the chair-legs, and a generous number of apples hung in a row from a line stretched from the top of the door to the mantle.

Crouched on the floor in front of the fire-place

was the fiend, holding a match in his hand — ready to light the fire. All was dark again — all was quiet. The match was struck, but it sputtered with indignation and refused to light properly. Then a second match was struck, but it, also, was unfriendly. With a revengeful air, the fiend arose and rushed across the room to the windows. What might have happened never did, however, for at that moment there was commotion up stairs. One instant and one only, did the unbidden guest hesitate, then disappeared through the doorway as mysteriously as it had come.

Please explain! Certainly! Peter, "The Incorrigible," walked in his sleep.



Advice to Freshmen

BY L. MOSES

FIRST, do not wear green! It is wholly unnecessary. There are many other ways in which to display your verdancy. Do not try to enter the school house by the front door. Only a few days ago I saw a group of Freshmen girls stealthily accomplish this perilous feat. It was perfectly evident to all around that they were Freshmen, so they failed. If they aimed to deceive. I suppose, however, the adventurous nature of the undertaking appealed to them. It must indeed be wildly exciting to successfully avoid two or three ferocious teachers and pass unscathed through the midst of a crowd of savage upper class people.

Do not carry your school bags to the recitation rooms. I have not noticed any of the Freshmen this year doing this, but I have a vivid remembrance of my own Freshman days when several members of our class used to carry around their school bags to the general joy of all beholders.

Do, by all means, get lost. It will serve to kill time for you, and it will furnish amusement for others.

When selecting your text books, always try to get as old ones as possible, in the hope that some previous owner, being altruistically inclined, has left valuable comments in them for the benefit of future owners. Such comments are usually hard to decipher but, of course, it will save time to puzzle

them out, instead of looking up the matter for yourself.

If you are in the habit of communicating frequently, do so once in a while when the teacher is looking at you. She will see that you are at least honest. Never display any emotion when caught. Calmly and majestically pack up your books and walk to the seat indicated, or to the office, as the case may be.

If you are politely requested to report the number of times you whisper each day, remember that there are various other ways of communicating. You will probably find it a great waste of paper to be obliged to report, but, when your supply of paper is exhausted, you will be given more.

My last and most important bit of advice is — acquire a reputation for brilliancy. Such a reputation may easily be acquired by a little additional work during your first year, and it will be invaluable to you. For a reputation sticketh closer than a brother. It is possible that a reputation for brilliancy acquired during the first year may sustain you through the three remaining years of "innocuous desquietude." In case it does not, you will feel compelled to make some effort to sustain it, for after you have once tried "starring" in your classes, you will find the sensation so enjoyable that you will wish to keep it up indefinitely. In either case your reputation is a valuable asset.

Our High School

BY RUTH W. BOARDMAN

WE, who have the privilege of a high school training, do not stop to think that the boys and girls of this town have not always had the advantages of such an education.

Sometime between the years 1694 and 1707 the first school house was built within the present boundaries of the town of Wakefield, but this school did not offer any high school courses.

In 1829, a private academy was opened, so that it was possible for some to acquire a higher education. This building stood on "Academy Hill," where the Lincoln School now stands. This academy during its continuance had a valuable influence upon the people of the town. It created in the minds of the youth a desire for a higher education that they might be fitted for larger fields of usefulness. It also led the inhabitants of the town to appreciate the advantage of an education for their children and hastened the day when the high school would be established. The first high school was established in 1845, many years before some of the neighboring towns could boast of such an institution. Its first sessions were held in rooms in the old town hall, which stood on the park not far from where the bandstand now is. The establishing of the high school was a bold undertaking and was tried, at first, only as an experiment, but was such a success

that the private academy could not stand the competition, which was necessarily caused by the two institutions of learning. The town bought the land and buildings occupied by the academy, and here instruction was given until the present building was completed in 1872.

At first the number of pupils was small and all recited together. In 1860, when the number became sufficiently large, the pupils were divided into classes. The first class, numbering twelve, was graduated in 1863.

The building was originally used not only as a high school, but also for two grades of the grammar school. When the number of high school pupils had increased sufficiently, the grammar grades were discontinued. In 1900, owing to the crowded condition of the school, six pleasant commodious rooms were added.

The number of pupils has increased rapidly as can be seen by the fact that when Mr. Howe came to the school in 1895, the number was one hundred and twenty-eight. The enrollment for the present year is four hundred and two. The present building which has long been of good use to the community, as a high school, will soon be used for other school purposes as the town now has under consideration the erection of a larger and more convenient building for a high school.



The Legend of Castle Rock

BY EUGENE LENNERS

ANY years ago before the white man came to our shores, there were three tribes of Indians living on the shores of our lake, now known as Quannapowitt. Chief Quonopohit ruled over the tribe dwelling on the east side of the lake, hence its name. On the west shore lived Chief Rabbit and his tribe of Indians.

When the Boston Ice Company built icehouses on the west shore of the lake, they also built canals in which to float the ice. The canals enclosed a large island which was named Rabbit Island. Many people have supposed that the island derived its name

from the rabbits which had their homes on the shores of the lake. This is not true. The island was named for Chief Rabbit, who was once the proud ruler of the land.

The land of Chief Quonopohit extended as far south as the rock now known as Castle Rock, and there joined the lands of another chief named Wasawam, who was friendly with Quonopohit.

Chief Quonopowit had a son who, when very young, was betrothed to the daughter of Wasawam. Chief Rabbit also had a son and he it was who won the love of the daughter, but not the consent of the

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proud Chief Wasawam. In vain did the Indian maiden plead with the father to be allowed to marry the man she loved. Chief Wasawam was obdurate. Made desperate by the thought of the marriage which was so repugnant to her, on the morning of the wedding day, she fled to the rock now known as Castle Rock, and threw herself from the cliff and was killed.

Many years after a wealthy white man planned to build a castle on the rock where the Indian maiden met her death, but for some reason the plan failed and nothing came of his castle in the air. The rock, however, received the name of Castle Rock. Such is the legend that was told to me, whether it is true or not, I can not say.



Breaking in A Landsman

BY ROBERT HOLMES

FIYE merry campers were we, seated around a soap box, before a cherry fireplace, eating our breakfast, when the skipper suddenly suggested that we take a run over to Gloucester in the launch, a distance of about ten miles. We readily agreed, and after hurriedly finishing our breakfast, the mate and the crew fixed the camp up "ship shape," the cook and I washed the dishes, and put what was left of the "grub" into the box transformed into a pantry, while the skipper carried the battery box to the launch, and tuned up the engine.

Fifteen minutes later we were on board the launch. The engine, after its usual sputtering, and balking, started, and we were off towards the quaint little city of Gloucester. The sky was clear the sun shining brightly, the engine running smoothly, and there was hardly a ripple on the surface of the ocean, and so, of course, nothing unusual happened on the way over. How could anything happen with such ideal conditions?

We arrived in Gloucester harbor in about two hours, and after making fast to one of the piles of the pier, beside which lay a long, black, fishing schooner, we wandered up one of the narrow cobblestoned streets to the center of the town. Here we amused ourselves by looking around a bit, and buying a few souvenirs. Then after a good dinner at a nearby restaurant, we returned to the launch.

But what a change had taken place. The sky was black, and filled with hurrying clouds, the wind was blowing in fitful gusts, the sea was a murky, inky color, and one could feel in his bones, that a storm was brewing. We tumbled quickly into the launch almost without a word. The skipper started the engine and we glided away from the wharf. The mate steered while the skipper stooped over the little engine, getting all the speed

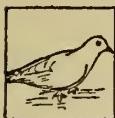
possible out of her. The rest of us pulled down the rainshield and fastened it, got out the oilskins, and put all our purchases under the little fore and aft decks, where they would be dry.

We were soon out to sea. The skipper sat at the wheel, the mate and cook held a rubber poncho over the engine, an additional protection against the spray, and the crew and I sat aft in our oilskins trying to keep the ship "trim." All of us except the cook had been out in this little launch in rough weather before; but the cook was a landsman, who had never seen a body of water larger than a country pond until he joined our camping party.

Imagine his feelings as the little boat pitched, and rocked, and sank her nose into the crest of a huge wave, which broke with a terrific splash through the rainshield, drenching him to the skin. But he was game all right, as he sat huddled beside the engine, his teeth chattering, his knees quaking, trying to smile as he clutched the rubber poncho in the attempt to keep the engine dry.

There was really no danger. The skipper handled the little boat finely, the engine ran as smooth as grease, and we managed to keep most of the water pumped out of the bottom of the launch. But whenever a large wave came over the bow with a splash, we could see the cook cringe, and then utter a whoop of joy as he triumphed over the wave and held the poncho in place.

After a two hours' struggle with the storm, we found ourselves running with the waves and approaching a safe harbor. All except the cook proceeded to take off their oilskins and to make themselves comfortable. He alone remained at his post and refused to talk. It was not until supper was over, and we were seated around a roaring camp fire that he uttered a word. Then he broke forth into a wild and impassioned oration on the character and appearance of waves, and the folly of going to sea in a tub; and ended by solemnly declaring that never again would he attempt to sail the seas in anything smaller than an ocean liner.



LITTLE GRAY SQUIRREL
AND
DOVE-COLORED PIGEON:
A FABLE



LITTLE Gray Squirrel was very busy putting peanuts into holes in the ground in the yard of the Great University. It was summer and many mortals had come from far in search of morsels of learning, bringing in their pockets peanuts and kernels of corn, which they very considerably threw on the ground. Dove-colored Pigeon, perched airy on the arm of a settee near-by, watched him at his work. "You are very foolish, Little Gray Spurriel, to work so hard this hot weather. Why do you not eat your breakfast

and enjoy yourself as I do?" Little Gray Squirrel gave his bushy tail a little toss, winked his left eye, and went on with his work.

By and by the mortals departed, each his own way, and there was an end to the peanuts and kernels of corn. Again Dove-colored Pigeon perched herself on the arm of the settee; but this time her tail-feathers drooped very disconsolately, for she had had no breakfast. "You are very fortunate to have so many peanuts to eat," she remarked in an envious tone of voice to Little Gray Squirrel, who was busy taking them from a hole in the ground. Little Gray Squirrel gave his tail a triumphant toss, winked one eye and replied, "You can't have your cake and eat it too."

ELIZABETH F. INGRAM.



The Indian's Lament

BY PAULINE TAFT, '14

THE summer sky glowed with the last rays of the setting sun. Quietly twilight was falling and the shadows lengthening over the lake. Softly through the underbrush along the western shore of the lake crept a dark figure, tall of stature, with a swathy skin, high cheek bones, and piercing black eyes. It was "Big Chief" Quonopohit, who had returned to his hunting grounds of the long ago. Stealthily he crept nearer the shore and looked across the darkening surface of the lake. Where was his wigwam and the little village of his Saugus tribe of Indians?

In their places he saw the fine houses of white men, with velvety lawns extending to a broad street. Glittering reflection of the setting sun still lingered on the windows of the houses, appearing to the inexperienced eyes of the old Chief like innumerable suns blazing in the east. In place of the old trail through the forest, there was a street with trees on either side.

Along this street flashes of lightning seemed to follow huge monsters, while other monsters with

gleaming eyes rushed wildly about in the gathering gloom. Only the lake remained as it used to be. Instinctively the old Chief raised his bow.

A sudden noise startled him. Well he knew that sound. It was the sound of a paddle dipping in the water. Slowly the canoe came into sight, but how different from the birch bark canoe with which he was familiar. The canoe glided gracefully through the water with its fair-haired pale-faced occupant. Presently voices were heard and more canoes appeared until the twilight seemed full of gay chatter and laughter. As he looked the last ray of light faded into darkness and the first twinkling star appeared.

Listlessly the bow fell to the old chief's side and a feeling of homesickness and regret came over him. "Why did I, James Quonopohit, proud Sachem of the Saugus tribe of Indians, sign the deed which gave this fair land to the white man," he muttered, and wrapping his blanket closer about him, he turned sadly away and disappeared in the darkness.

THE TRINITY OF LABOR

BY MARJORIE CARTWRIGHT, 1912

Against the simm'ring shafts of mid-day sun
The glow'ring city flings its soot-clad towers ;
Along its streets the busy hum of life,
The stir of noon-returning toll with cries
Confused, and mingling hoarsely like the sound
Of seething surf breaking with sullen song
Upon the shore, moves army-strong, and like
The vandal hordes, vast and all-conquering,
Sweeps away huge barriers and surges
On to meet the whistle's clarion call.
Street venders, raucous voiced, shout loud
Their petty wares, and crowd the thronging press
With elbowed mutterings, while blue-sleeved law
Restraints with wide-protecting arms, and guards
The trafficked curb. And still the hot sun pours
Its burning rays upon the beaten pave
Reflecting twice and thrice its mirrored self :
While echcng and re-echoing toil
Its step directs in duty's pathless way.
And higher up the deafening clamor mounts
Upon the sultry, leaden winged air
Far up where office windows burnished gleam,
And brain and concentrated thought provide
Th' accustomed tasks of daily man. Here life
And all its myriad movements are controlled,
And strength is taught the power of reason's sway :
Here Capital pours forth its golden flood
To labor's outstretched hand, and craftily
Extracts its more than rightful due, watching
With hundred peacocked eyes its victims writhe,
And struggle in the gilded toils: here, too,
Calm-thinking Science sits, and chin on hand,
Broods pensively some new device for man;
Or oft conceives a filmy thread of thought,
Weaving the warp and woof into a web
Of perfect structured form, that shall teach men
The guiding of the universe, --- shall show
To Capital the master of its power,
Shall give to sweating Labor hard wrought wage ...
Science, dependent victor that she is,
Half grudgingly shall give her counseled craft.
And here shall Capital and Science both
Watch Labor's ceaseless toil, and listening
Shall hear from out the depths of seething earth
Its chorded song rise full and mellow, like
The swelling organ's rounded harmony
Full-throated from the diaphragm of Toil ;
Still with intentness listening, shall discern

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The mingling of a thousand melodies,
Combining in the grand crescendoes peal :
Here factories reverberate with sound,
The elevated grinds its ceaseless roar ...
Th' accompaniment of grim bare-handed Toil,
That from the under-world lifts up its voice :

Hark to the song of furnace and forge
Worthy the salt of hire,
Ringing the rythm of writhing steel
White from the embered fire, ...

Ho, mighty the sons of Vulcan are we,
Guarding the mouth of hell ...
Bellows and anvil and white-curved steel
Yield to the muscle's swell.

Ho, for the blast of the burning forge,
Glowing with sparkling steel ;
Bronze muscles dripping with iron sweat
Grind fate beneath the heel, ...
Let who will work with harrow and plough
And turn the red-brown sod ...
But forge and furnace and pulsing strength ...
These are the gifts of God !

So from the forge and furnace, Toil lifts up
The joyous voice of duty well performed,
While deep from the horizn's pale-streaked rim
In answering refrain grim labor sounds :

Ho, for the life of the bridge-builders
High on the girder's length,
Sky above and the river below
And only one man's strength.

But strength of the strong and the fearless,
Courage that cannot fail
At each swing of the derrick's lifting,
Each stroke of hammered nail.

Muscle and sinew and brawney strength
Poised 'twixt heaven and earth;
They were worthy "Mothers of Men," the
Women who gave us birth ...
Yet swinging high on the swaying beam,
We risk with careless grace
That life of the iron strength and toil ...
Ho, what is death to face !

Thus ruthlessly the Sons of Toil give life
And limb for structured steel, content to sing
Their strain in the World's chorus until Death
Shall break them on the wheel; content to teach
By their exampled lives the nation's strength
Upon the strength of man depending, 'till
That day when Capital and Labor shall
Combine, and Science stooping from her height
Shall join her hand with theirs, in unison
To lift from groveling man the horny hand,
Of Toil, to smooth the wrinkles of his care,
And show to after-worlds that shall unfold
The unit strength of man protecting man.

Lo, 'tis the song of the World-Chorus,
The measured beat of care,
Filled with the sorrow of life and love
Bitter the heart to bear ...

Triumphing over the strife of toil,
Deathless with hope and peace,
Word of the God of Eternity
Song of the soul's release.

The Girls' Debating Society

BY L. MOSES, SECRETARY

THE Girls' Debating Society is, at present, in a very flourishing condition. There are thirty-three members, thirteen of whom have just been admitted. It is gratifying to note the increased membership of Seniors. There were but five Senior members at the beginning of the term but the number is now increased to twelve.

There have been four debates held so far this year. The first was held Thursday, October 3. The subject was, Resolved: that suffrage in the United States shall be restricted by educational qualifications. Four Juniors disputed the question. The judges decided in favor of the negative side.

The second debate was on the subject, Resolved: that secret societies shall be prohibited in high schools. Four Seniors argued the question which proved to be of exceptional interest. The winning side, the negative, had only one point more than their opponents, which testified to the closeness of the debate.

The third debate was held November 7, the subject being, Resolved: that the people of the United States should rule in name only. The

affirmative side won. This question was of much interest coming as it did directly after the election. The result of the debate, was, however, quite at variance with the election results.

The last debate was on the subject, Resolved: that the prize system promotes the best interests of students. This is a very "live" question and much interest was manifested by the members of the Society. The decision was in favor of the negative side which seems to tally with the belief of the school authorities.

During the present year the constitution of the Society has been revised by the executive committee and it is now in the hands of the printer.

On Saturday evening, November 23, the entire Society was very graciously entertained at the home of Elsie Doleman. The evening was passed pleasantly with games and music; and at the close dainty refreshments were served.

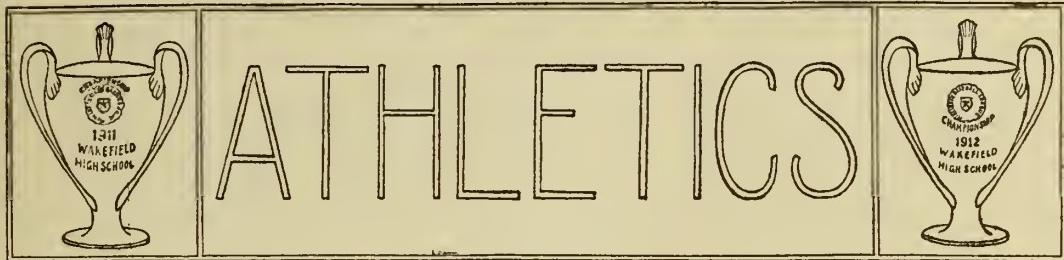
Altogether the Society has had a very successful year so far, and there is every reason to believe that this happy state of affairs will continue.



In Memoriam
THE BOYS' DEBATING SOCIETY
1912

Where is the silk flag which the Boys' Debating Society voted last year to present to the High School? Was it used as a winding shroud for the organization?

THE W. H. S. DEBATER



The Football Season

Since "The Debater" has come to light,
It is our happy task to write
In simple language, just like mine
Either a story or a rhyme.

I'll take a chance, perhaps a rhyme,---
Please don't expect a poem fine,---
About a game that we all cheer
And greet with pleasure every year.

The football season is in swing,
That game is an exciting thing :
They kick the ball, then off they go,
With heels above, and heads below.

Our High School team is rather weak
A little feeble, so to speak ;
But in another year or two
I'm sure we will be scoring too.

Just a few more games this fall,
A few more broken bones, that's all :
And then Jack Frost with manners nice
Will spoil the fun with snow and ice.

MARGARET O'CONNOR, '14.

BASE BALL

As has been the custom for several years, for the Wakefield High School to put a base ball team into the field in September to uphold its prestige in athletics. The class of 1912 took every member of last year's team except two, so that the captain of this year's team, Henry Reid, faced the difficult task of making a winning team out of one veteran player and eight "rookies." Although the team has not been successful in winning games, Captain Reid has got his men into form for good work next spring. As a whole the team has fielded well, but have been weak at the bat. The pitchers, also, has

not been strong. Those who succeeded in getting suits were :—Henry Reid, Fred McKie, Raymond Griffin, Fred Reid, Pete Eaton, Leon Horne, William Doucette, Leo Sullivan, Lorimer MacKenzie, Manson Dillaway, Carl Witham, and Robert Holmes.

HOCKEY

Last year's hockey team neglected to elect a captain and it is impossible to predict what will be done about hockey in the school this winter. The sport has always been popular, and the team representing the Wakefield High School has done remarkably good work. We feel that it will be a serious mistake if a team is not organized to carry on the sport in a successful manner this winter as it has been carried on in the past.

FOOTBALL

Although this game has not been played by a sanctioned, Wakefield High School team for several years, it is very popular in the school. There have been numerous exciting class games this fall between the Seniors and Juniors, the Juniors winning every game. There has also been organized, with "Al" Collinson as captain, an "Independent" team which, thus far, has won all its games. Because of the success of this team on the "gridiron" there is some talk among the boys of petitioning for the re-instating of football in the Wakefield High School.

ROBERT HOLMES, '13.



THE W. H. S. DEBATER

A Christmas Carol

BY HILDUR L. CARLSON

Ring, ye bells of Christmas,
Send out a merry chime.
Tell of Christ, our Saviour,
And of His love sublime;
He who lived and suffered
Because of love for us,
King of light and glory,
The Victor, pure and just.

Sing, ye children, sweetly,
Carol a joyous song,
Raise your hearts and voices
Like unto an angel throng.
Let every song have gladness,
Send forth your sweetest lay,
Have no thought of sadness
On this, our Christmas Day.

Give praise, all ye people,
Give praises, clear and strong.
Your voices raise to Heaven
In one triumphant song.
Ring, ye bells, children, sing
Of Christ who died for thee.
Name Him Saviour, call Him King
Through all eternity.



The Wakefield High School Battalion

BY MAJ. E. HAZEN WALTON

JIN spite of the great difficulties under which the High School Battalion worked last year, it proved the most successful year in its history. The drill began as usual on the second week of school. Two companies of six full squads were formed. These made two of the largest companies ever formed in the battalion. The first day the cadets were taught a few squad and company movements which, after a few trials, were well executed. After this the battalion was marched down to the Park where the weekly drills were held until the weather became too severe, when the Town Hall was used, the Armory having been burned. This place was much too small for the battalion but the cadets progressed very rapidly.

The annual Prize Drill was held May 24. 1912, in the Town Hall. The ballation formation and guard mount were pleasing ceremonies and were greatly appreciated by the audience. The company and the individual drills were very closely contested and much time was taken to decided upon the winner.

The company drill was won by Co. A. Russell Perkins, captain. The senior individual drill was won by Serg't Leon Horne with Serg't George Gardner a close second. Serg't Raymond Griffin was given honorable mention in this drill. The

junior drill was won by Priv. Colcord Heurlin, Priv. Ralph Bellmore taking the second prize, and Priv. Fred Reid was given honorable mention. Priv. Russell Savage was awarded the medal given to the new cadet, showing the greatest improvement during the year. This and the Memorial Day parade brought the year to an end.

Drill was begun this year as usual. On account of the large number of cadets taking drill, it was necessary to form a third company to be known as Company C. The new company adds much to the appearance of the battalion. A change has been made in the uniform of the privates this year by the adoption of the Bell Cap. The cadets are improving rapidly and everything points to a most successful year.

The roster of commissioned officers for this year is as follows:

Major, E. Hazen Walton.

Adjutant, Fred McKie.

Co. A, Captain, Earl Bears, Lieut., Alfred Collinson, Lieut., George Gardner.

Co. B, Captain, Robert Jackson, Lieut., Albert Johnson, Lieut., Leon Horne.

Co. C, Captain, Henry Reid, Lieut., Raymond Griffin, Lieut. Edward Bridge.

Captain John H. McMahon, A Company, Sixth Regiment, M. V. M., is Military Instructor.

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Copies of THE DEBATER may be obtained at Bonney & Dutton's, Thayer's, and from the pupils of the High School at 15 cents each.



It gives us great pleasure to announce to our readers that there will be, at least, to numbers of The Debater published this year.

It is a matter for regret that for a number of years it has seemed unwise for the Wakefield High School to edit a paper. Journalism has become an important part of every strong English course in the higher institutions of learning. A School of journalism has been established at Columbia University, New York, and the Massachusetts Agricultural College and the State College at Kingston, Rhode Island also require courses in Journalism. Only last September a graduate of our high school who wished to enter Harvard College was asked the question, "What experience have you had in editing a school paper?" It becomes necessary, therefore, for any school that wishes to stand in the front rank of the Secondary Schools to give some instruction in newspaper work.

There are many difficulties to be overcome in publishing a school paper. The first and most important is a financial difficulty. The cost of publishing even a small paper is considerable. The business manager of The Debater estimates that if all the copies printed in this edition are sold at the price stated, the sum of money obtained will cover only one half the entire cost of publication.

It can easily be seen that if this important part of the high school work is to be carried on successfully, we must receive help from some outside source. We feel confident that those whose interest in and loyalty to the school in the past have never wavered, will in the hour of need come to our assistance.

The library and the high school are so closely related that it is difficult to say which is the more important. One could not long exist without the other; and when both becomes inadequate, the situation becomes serious.

The relation between the high school and the library in our town has become closer, since a compulsory course in out side reading has been established in connection with the English department. A great variety of literature is covered in this course and several hundred students must be provided with books. In order that the work of the course may be carried on successfully, it becomes almost imperative that a room should be provided either at the library or the high school, where students can have easy access to many different kinds of books, and where they can have the opportunity for quiet reading.

Among the nine hundred or a thousand graduates of the schools of which Mr. Howe has been principal, only one, we are informed by him, has ever served a jail sentence. Integrity and character seem to go with the possession of a high school diploma.

School spirit of the right sort was exhibited recently in the giving of Thanksgiving dinners to some of the needy families in town.

Captain Reid of the baseball team is to be congratulated on the showing made by a team composed almost entirely of new members.

We are indebted to Miss Butterfield and her classes in drawing for the artistic cover design and the cuts used in THE DEBATER.

Although the senior party was not a maked financial success, it was certainly a social success.

The DEBATER wishes one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE W. H. S. DEBATER



NATURALLY

"O George, isn't nature beautiful?"

"Yes dear."

"And George—"

"Yes dear."

"See all the pebbles and sand."

"Well."

"That used to be the old river-bed, didn't it, George?"

"I guess so."

"But George—"

"What is it?"

"Why did the river change its bed?"

"Well, great Scott, girlie, if you had as much gravel as that in your bed, wouldn't you change it?"—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

The Sophomore Class would be very grateful to a Junior or Senior, if he would tell them the translation into French or German of the expression "We won't discuss the matter."

Heard in Senior Chemistry. *Miss* ——"What do you mean by a positive and negative charge?"

Teacher. "Well, a positive charge is one that is positive, and a negative is just the opposite."

Botany Teacher. "Master S—, did you do the experiment with the egg this morning?"

Master S——"No, there was only one, and I wanted that for my breakfast."

History Teacher. "Why was it that the people did not want marshy land?"

Pupil. They were afraid they would wet their feet."

Miss C—"Why is it that animals will not eat tomato plants?"

Pupil. "Because they have thorns."

THE Editors thank the citizens of the town whose generous support has made possible the Christmas number of The Debater. Without such interest and timely aid, the publication of the school paper would be impossible ::

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